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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A Little Boy's Lament.

I'm going down to grandpa's,
I won't come back no more.
To hear remarks about my feet
A muddy'n up the floor,
There's too much said about my
clothes,
The scoldin's never done—
I'm going down to grandpa's
Where a boy kin have some fun.

I dug up half his garden
A-gittin' worms for bait;
He said he used to like it
When I laid ailed so late;
He said that pie was good for boys,
And candy made 'em grow,
Ef I can't go down to grandpa's
I'll turn pirate first you know.

He let me take his shotgun,
An' loaded it for me.
The cats they hid out in the barn,
The hens flew up a tree,
I had a circus in the yard
With twenty other boys—
I'm going down to grandpa's
Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair
But once or twice a week
He wasn't watchin' out for words
I didn't utter speak;
He told me stories 'bout the war
And injuns shot out West.
Oh, I'm goin' down to grandpa's
Fer he knows wot boys like best.
—The Home Magazine.

WHY HE ENLISTED.

As the recruits commenced to
seatter around in the shade the
journalist and the Hancock volun-
teer proceeded toward the head-
quarters of the colonel of the reg-
iment. After the salutations had
been exchanged before the tent of
the commanding officer the volun-
teer addressed the colonel, saying,
"Cap'n, if you need any more of
Hancock County boys I'll get 'em
for you."

"If they're all as fine looking
physical specimens as yourself,"
the colonel answered jovially, "I'd
like to have a whole army of them.
Our regiment will be filled up in a
day or so, but I'll let you know in
time."

After they had left the quarters
of the colonel and were stretched
upon the grass in the shade, the
newspaper man took occasion to
put his favorite question, "Why
do you enlist?" Sometimes this
question elicits an outburst of pa-
triotic ardor which fills the air with
stars and stripes and eagles, some-
times (most frequently) it calls
forth a hard luck story, which
paints in glowing colors the virtues
of the victim, but on this occasion
the answer was merely: "Well, I
have nothing to lose." "But,"
protested the newspaper man,
"there's no telling how long you'll
have to be from home, and there's
no man that will take the same in-
terest in running your plantation
that you do, for I presume you are
a farmer."

"That's true, sir; that's true,"
was his deliberate response, "but
you see things ain't just as they was.
Before Mary left I took interest in
everything, but now—I jes' turnt
the farm over to a couple of fellows
an thought I might's well to come
to the front an fight for my country
I'm 34 years old, an I ain't never
done nothin but farm, an I thought
I'd take a little fightin in mines jes'
at the stage."

Here a forced smile played over
his rugged, careworn features.

The correspondent wished to fol-
low the clew just thrown out about
the desertion of Mary, but didn't
know just how to proceed. "Well,
I don't want to discourage your pa-
triotism," he said, "but you're
giving up the peaceful leisure of
rural life for the dangers and ex-
citement of a campaign in which
disease is as much to be feared as
Spanish bullets."

"Stranger," said the volunteer,
"that's jes' it. From the way you
talk bout 'peaceful' leisure I see
you ain't never lived in country.
Farmin's a good thing if a man's
got money or don't mind workin,
an I don't, but that was jes' the
whole trouble. I b'leve now when
I think of it that if I had a had
more time to make her happy she'd
a been contented to stay, but it
seemed to me we married at the
busiest time of the year, an then
afterward it looked like I had jes'
as much to do at all times. I al-
ways had to look after the milkin at
daybreak, an then besides the reg-
ular work there's enough chores
and like to keep a fellow hustlin
all the time. Even on rainy days
there's harness to mend an such.
But, friend," and here his face
brightened up until it was radiant
with the recollection, "if you could

have seen that little wife of mine
in the dairy, you'd a seen the
prettiest sight you ever saw. In a
little speckled calico, skimm'n the
milk an washin the crocks, singin
the whole time, jes' as happy
as a lark. She looked like a little
pink rosebud. Sometimes it seem-
ed to me she was more like a angel
than a woman. But I beg your
pardon, sir," he concluded, re-
filling his pipe, "you said you
wanted to meet all the Hancock
boys here, an I guess I'd better go
make you 'quainted with 'em 'stead
of tellin you all my personal affairs,
which isn't the right things to tell
to strangers."

This sudden halt in the narrative
annoyed the journalist, who had
interviewed woman suffragists,
heard the confessions of criminals,
synopsized the prayers of ministers
and even invaded the sanctity of
the home for the purpose of
publishing to the world the secrets
of private life. The story had
somehow placed him in that super-
sympathetic condition from which
taut takes flight; but, summoning
the little skill which remained, he
determined to make the man lay
bare his heart.

"No," he said, "don't apologize
for anything you say to me. I'm
interested in it all. When a man
is manly and patriotic, his life is
always interesting to me. We all
have our sorrows, and it's a relief
to tell them occasionally. Did you
say your wife is no longer with
you?"

Blundering as this speech may
seem to a mind which seeks and
finds hidden motives, it was suf-
ficient to satisfy the simple son of
Hancock County, so he continued:

"Yes, sir, it's over three months
since I saw her. Understand, now,
I ain't blamin her at all. She was
young'n a pretty an full of life, an
so I'd jes' rather to think of it all
as a big mistake. For a little time
after we was married she seemed to
be happy, but then I noticed that
she didn't pear to take the same
interests in things. It was jes' after
she had spent the day at Sulphur
Springs with a lot of young folks.
I drove her over there to a picnic
one mornin an then come for her in
the evenin. There were a dozen or
more girls there an several young
men from the cities, but there
warn't none of 'em could touch
her when it comes to looks. She
seemed to enjoy bein with 'em so
much that I could'n't help kinder
standin round an lookin on for
awhile, but then I hurried on back,
for I had a lot of hoein to look af-
ter."

"Well, sir, I was the proudest
man in the world when I went
back for her that night. Every
body crowded round, even the
old ladies, an told me what a
pretty dancer Mary was. All the
young folks in the country was
there, but Mary was the poplars'
of 'em all. They wouldn't hear of
our drivin back then, but made us
both come right to supper. I didn't
exactly calculate on doin this, but
Mary looked like she wanted to, so
I did. They tried to make me
dance, but I don't know how. It
was the opening of a new summer
hotel, you know. A young fellow
that set next to me at the table an
was mighty polite in handin me
everything said he was gonter be
there at the hotel for some time, an
that we mus' come 'round often.
Of course I asked him to come to
see us too. He was a pretty glib
talker. When we was leavin an
tellen everybody goodby and prom-
isin to come again soon, I heard a
lady from New York say to another
one, 'Wouldn't she be a queen with
the right trainin?' We got in the
spring wagon an drove home, an
she was jes' all excitement tellin
me what a time they had that day
an how I ought to learn to dance."

"Two days after some ladies
drove round in their carriages an
asked her to go to the springs
with 'em again. She said 'No,' but
when she seen I was anxious to
have her go she went with them.
They drove back after supper, her
and the two ladies an a young man,
an they told me I ought to have
been there. That night she seemd
kinder unres'less. She talked a
heap 'bout the nice things they'd all
said 'bout her at the Springs, but
mostly talked 'bout how nice it
would be if we could go an travel

an go to New York an everywhere,
an she said we ought to read books
and the like, an that a lady there
said what she needed was culti-
vatin."

"I didn't like this, talkin 'bout
her like she was a field to be plowed
up, 'stead of a flower jes' to grow
an bloom natural, an when I told
her this she jes' laughed an slapped
her hands over my mouth. She
went to the Springs right regular
for a time. Then she wouldn't go
no more. Somebody sent her some
books—four or five of 'em. She
commenced to read one of 'em out
loud to me one night. 'Twas a nice
story about some rich folks, some
artists, an how they was lovin each
other, an the things they went to,
but while I got to likin the pesky
books, after awhile, I told her all
the time that it was jes' stories an
that there wasn't no such folks,
in Paris or New York or anywhere
else. Since she was teachin me, a
readin' out loud, I took to teachin
her, tellin her what I thought 'bout
the books. I told her that life was
a reality an that even if there was
such people they wasn't no better
off than us, 'cause there's advan-
tages an disadvantages everywhere,
an it all 'mounts to 'bout the same
an everything in its place is the
best. That's the way I'd write if I
wrote books."

"Maybe it was reading in them
durn books 'bout the fashion an
the wealthy, or maybe it was them
people at the Springs put foolish
notions in her head, or maybe it
was jes' 'cause she come to know
she was too good an pretty for a
man like me, but anyhow she com-
menced to pine an droop like a flower
that's witherin. I'd beg her to go
to the Springs an enjoy herself like
she was invited to do, but it warn't
no use. She wouldn't do it. After
'bout a week of this thing that same
lady from New York drove up to
our gate an asked Mary to come in
an pay a visit to her at the Springs.
She wanted her to stay as long as
she would, an then Mary did agree
to go an stay a week, making the
condition that I was to come to see
her every day."

"It's a lonesome time I had then.
I didn't go to see her but three
days, an every day it seem to me
I was unwelcome than before, so I
thought I better not go no more an
left the child enjoy her visit. It
look to me like the harder I try to
please her the more things would
go wrong. Wimmen folks is curi-
ous little things, stranger, an a
awkward fellow like me don't know
jes' how to handle 'em. I had done
mortgaged my farm again an went
in town an brought her silks an
dresses an gloves jes' the right size,
an when she see 'em she jes' cried
an said I was too good to her."

Then I got her a paino, but noth-
in would suit. 'This was befo' she
went for the last time to the
springs. 'The things is all at home
now, but I never wants to see them
again, an if God spares me I never
will. There's nothin else to say
now, but that I le' 'cause I couldn't
stan' the sympathy an the talkin of
the neighbors after I got this let-
ter."

Here he paused and took from
the inside pocket of his corduroy
coat a square envelope addressed in
a round, girlish hand. The faint
odor of violet sachet which had
once permeated the pages could
still be detected, though mingled
somewhat with the aroma of to-
bacco. It read:

I hope that you will understand and for-
give me Jack, although I know that God
never will. I was never happy with you,
and I was never able to make you happy.
A noble unselfish man like you deserves a
better wife. When you get this, I will be
far away. Don't try to find me, for you
never can.
MARY.

After the correspondent had read
and returned the letter both men
were silent. They watched the
little knots of officers and privates
talking together under the shade
trees, the squads of uniformed re-
cruits crossing the grounds to their
various commands, the amateur
cooks preparing the midday meal
and all of the lazy restlessness of
camp life. The Hancock volunteer
was the first to speak. "What
pesters me most in that letter," he
said in a voice tremulous with sup-
pressed emotion, "is that she says
that she knows that God never
will forgive her, an sure God (if
there is any) shouldn't be more un-
forgivin than one of his creatures."

If I b'leved prayer was ever
answered, I'd be prayin for that
little girl now, but as 'tis the bes'
thing I can do is to go to the front
an fight for my country."—*Barton
Pittman in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE STRANGE STORY OF BLIND MATTIE.

LOST EVERY SENSE BUT ONE
—HAPPY AND INDUSTRIOUS,
THOUGH SHE CANNOT SEE, HEAR,
TASTE OR SMELL.

Over in the Newark Almshouse
lives Blind Mattie. That is the
name by which this patient sufferer
is known, but it does not begin to
indicate her afflictions. Of the five
senses with which nature endowed
her, but one remains. She can
neither see nor hear. Taste is
denied her. All food has the same
flavor. She can smell nothing.
The sense of touch is all that re-
mains to Blind Mattie.

Yet her mind is intensely active.
The famous case of Helen Keller
finds a parallel in Blind Mattie,
although it must be borne in mind
that she has had few advantages
such as were the privilege of the
gifted Miss Keller, nor is she men-
tally the equal of that marvelous
girl. How could she be, when she is
steeped in poverty, the least, how-
ever, of her afflictions?

Blind Mattie's full name is Mattie
Morehouse. Her relatives live in
Newark, but they are too poor to
support her in institutions other
than those provided by public
charity. And that is why she finds
herself in the Newark Almshouse,
where her desolation is complete.
She has mastered the Brail system
of reading and writing for the deaf,
and she speaks the sign language
of the deaf and dumb. But she
might just as well be alone on the
Sahara Desert, for none of the oth-
er inmates of the Institution can com-
municate with her through the
medium of these agencies.

CAN STILL TALK

Mattie's power of speech is still
left to her, and she is a garrulous
talker, although she cannot hear a
word that is said to her. Her
speech has the inflection of a child
singing. Mrs. Albaney, the kindly
matron of the Almshouse, knows
the deaf and dumb language, and
when I called to see Mattie the
other day, she acted as interpreter.

Of course, Mattie, being blind,
cannot see the finger signs which
constitute the communication
between deaf-mutes, so she and
Mrs. Albaney place their hands
together, and the blind woman
feels the signs words impressed
upon her palm, and reads quickly.

Her sense of touch is most acute,
and very often she seems to an-
ticipate a question almost with the
first syllable. She is also sensitive
to vibrations of any kind.

Blind Mattie was not born as she
is now. Previous to the time she
was eight years old, she was as any
other normal and healthy child. I
shall let her tell her story as I heard
it from her own lips. It is a story
which was proven a puzzle to
medical science.

I was introduced to Blind Mattie
by Mrs. Albaney, and as he shook
hands with me she seemed to be
thinking very deeply, as though
trying to impress something upon
her mind. "It is her only means
of recognition," said the matron in
responsible to my inquiring look.
"She never forgets a hand. You
might come here a year from now,
shake hands with her without say-
ing who you were, and she would
remember you at once."

LANGUAGE OF THE BLIND.

Mattie was seated in a rocking
chair at side of her little white cot.
She had been writing—composing a
hymn. Her sensitive finger tips
were moving over the Brail letters
which she had just written. Brail
letters are made by perforating thick
paper with a sharp pointed in-
strument. They stand in relief,
and, though quite unintelligible to
those who read with the eye, to
Mattie's sensitive fingers they speak
an inaudible language.

She is far from being attractive
in appearance. She is thirty-one
years old. She might be fifty,
judging from her plaintive, drawn
face. And yet she is happy and

smiles continuously. Think of it,
you men and women who frown
simply because the gaunt wolf of
poverty links his arm with yours.

Poverty is the least of Blind
Mattie's afflictions.

When I had explained my errand
through the agency of Mrs. Alba-
ney Mattie became greatly interest-
ed, and very much excited as well.
It was an epoch in her life. I
asked her about her hymns. She
said she composed them all "out
of her own head" and read several
of them to me, running her finger
over the mystic raised symbols of
the cardbroad and repeating the
words in a shrill, singsong treble
that characterizes her entire speech.

I asked permission to copy one as
she read it to me, and picked up
one of the sheet. She quickly ran
her finger over its surface.

"No, no; not that one!" she
exclaimed.

"That one is wrong."

ONE OF MATTIE'S HYMNS.

Then she selected another sheet,
and while she read it with the index
finger of one hand she guided my
pencil with the other hand as I
copied the words which fell from
her poor, trembling lips. Here are
the verses as I copied them:—

Come and walk with Jesus to-day,
And it will do you such good
To rescue your soul from astray,
For you He has done all He could.

Yes, lo! I will follow Jesus.
And to the cross I will cling,
For where He was led like a lamb
There He prayed that I might find him

Now may I sit below His feet,
While sorrow and love flow down
And where I love pray and weep,
And gain my golden crown.

Come, then, to me and I will tell
About the place where He lay,
And may be all remember well,
Angels rolled the rock away,

Jesus is risen from the tomb;
Oh, come to see him rise to-day.
Come, bring flowers and sweet perfumes
And spices on the altar lay.

"Amen! That's all," said Blind
Mattie, as she released my hand.

SHE DOES FANCY WORK.

Mattie is intensely religious.
She reads her Brail Bible almost
continuously when she is not writ-
ing hymns or doing fancy work. And
yet she has never heard a hymn
sung since she was eight years old,
nor has she seen any knitting or
needlework of any kind.

"From God I learned every-
thing," she exclaimed in a fervor of
ecstasy. She reached for a work
basket, threaded a needle and be-
gan to sew, her left hand's work
closely following the other hand's
work. She soon had a blue satin
bow necktie, finished. Samples
of her knitting and crocheting were
to be found in her work box.

She can blend colors by counting
what she has done and picking up
the next color by feeling a mark
she has affixed to it.

"My real name," she said, "is
Matte Morehouse." As she spoke
she seized a pencil and guiding it
with her left hand wrote the name.
It was not very plain, but Mrs. Al-
baney explained that she could do
better when not laboring under
such unusual excitement.

"How long have you been here?"

I asked, through the matron's
nimble fingers.

"A little over three years," said
Blind Mattie. "Three years and
about one month." She seemed to
be calculating mentally, and add-
ed:—"Yes, it will be three years
and one month next Thursday."

"Do you remember things that
happened before you became blind
and deaf?" I asked through my
interpreter.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, in
that pitifully monotonous tone.

"I remember everything very
well. I remember how everything
looked—the grass and the trees
and the blue sky, the faces of my
father and mother, everything."

"When I was eight years old
my father sent me to an empty
room in the house for something.
We lived here in Newark.
Just as I was about the leave the
room I thought I saw my little
brother who had died. He said to
me:—'Mattie, where is pa?'"

"The place seemed filled with a
blinding light. I couldn't see,
and fell down flat on my face. I
don't know how long I lay there,
but after a while I groped my way
downstairs. Everything seemed
strange. I told my father I

couldn't see or hear. He didn't
believe me at first. I guess he
must have known pretty soon, for
I have been that way ever since.

Her friends vouch for the story
the matron told me. Physicians
have considered the case a most
puzzling one, inasmuch as the fright
was due to a hallucination and not
to something that had really hap-
pened. Mattie herself scouts the
idea that she really saw her dead
brother. She is not superstitious,
and says she only thought she saw
him. No skill ever helped to bring
back the lost sense, although all
possible means were tried.

After some years of illness Mattie
went to a New York Institution,
where she remained for a short
time, and later went to Philadelphia,
where she learned the Brail system.
It is this accomplishment that brings
her much happiness, for all day long
she sits beside her little white cot in
the almshouse, tracing the words of
her great Bible with her delicate
fingers or writing hymns with the
sharp needle, which pricks up the
strange characters of the language
or the blind.

Wishing to secure a photograph
of Blind Mattie, I asked Mrs. Al-
baney if she might be taken to the
porch, where the light was better.
The consent of the matron was
readily secured, and we assisted
her into the open air. It was not
until we got her into the open air
that she was informed that her
picture was to be taken.

BUT STILL A WOMAN!

And then, vanity, thy name is
woman! This poor creature who,
one would naturally think, was not
concerned about her personal ap-
pearance; objected on the score
that she was not dressed! She
wanted to primp up. She almost
struggled to be permitted to at least
change her shoes. She had her old
shoes on, and they were very old
and she had better ones upstairs.
And all the time she was being
posed for the picture she was pul-
ling her skirts down so as to hide
her shabby shoes. It was pitiful,
but as a commentary on the sex it
had its amusing side.

The troley cars pass in front of
the almshouse, and as we were in
the porch one of them went by.
"There goes a car," remarked
Blind Mattie.

At my suggestion the matron
questioned her to ascertain how she
knew a car was passing. She could
neither see it nor hear it.

"I can feel it," replied Mattie.
And that demonstrated the acuteness
of her one remaining sense.
Mattie is very anxious to be sent to
some other institution, where there
are others who are blind, and who
can talk to her in the Brail lan-
guage. Then, she says she will be
perfectly happy. Can you realize
it?—*N. Y. World.*

WHO AGUINALDO IS.

Aguinaldo, the native dictator of
the Philippines, is the son of a pro-
minent native chief. Anxious that
that his boy should be educated,
the chief confided the lad to the
Spanish priests, who thought that
Aguinaldo's influence when he grew
up, would help to maintain Spanish
authority among the Malay popula-
tion. The father is rich for a na-
tive, and Pancho Aguinaldo, after
being taught in the local schools,
was sent to Madrid to study the
ology and qualify for the priesthood.
After a year or two of study the
young man boldly declared he
would not be a priest, but a soldier.
So he was drafted into one of the
native regiments, in which a few
of the subalterns are Manila men, but
all the captains and field officers are
Spaniards.

Nearly two years ago Aguinaldo
and a compatriot named Alexan-
dro, also a lieutenant of native
troops, organized a revolt in the
native corps. Aguinaldo's reg-
iment one morning while on parade,
shot all its Spanish officers, except
a few lieutenants, and took to the
savannas—great trackless prairies,
swampy, with occasional high bits
of lands called "matters." Here
Aguinaldo made his headquarters.
At one time he must have had
4,000 or 5,000 men under arms of
some sort hidden in these fast-
nesses, raiding the rich settlements
whenever they felt like it. The
political governor-general of the

Philippines, Senor Don Bastilio
Augustin y Davila, offered a reward
of 20,000 pesetas for the head of
Aguinaldo. Within a week he re-
ceived a note from the insurgent
chief saying, "I need the sum you
offer very much, and will deliver
the head myself."

Ten days later the southeast ty-
phoon was raging. The hurricane
—for it was one—was tearing things
to bits, and it was raining as it can
rain in the Orient, a sheet of black
water covered the earth. The two
sentries at the governor-general's
gate made the usual reverent sign
as the priest passed in, who asked
if his excellency was within and un-
engaged. The answered yes to both
questions. Don Bastilio did not
turn his head as some one entered.
It was his secretary, he supposed,
come to help prepare an eloquent
statement upon the condition of the
colonies. It was not the secretary
but a priest, who said, "Peace be
with you, my son."

The cleric locked the door, and
dropping his cloak, said:
"Do you know me?"

Don Bastilio did not know him.
It was Aguinaldo, also a twenty-
inch bolo, a native knife, sharp as
a razor, carried by every Malay in
time of stress. They can lop off an
arm at one blow as though it was a
carrot.

"I have brought the head of Agui-
naldo," the chief said, touching
the edge of his jeweled hilt bolo
to ascertain its condition, "and I
claim the reward! Hasten, else I
shall have to expedite the matter
myself."

Don Bastilio was trapped. He
hastened to open his desk and take
out the sum in Spanish gold. Agui-
naldo punctiliously wrote a re-
ceipt, coolly counted the money
and walked backward to the door.
He suddenly opened it and dashed
out, just ahead of a pistol bullet
that cut his locks on the temple.
Captain-General Polavieja offered
him and Alexandro a free pardon
and \$200,000 each to quit the
colony. They accepted it and got
the money, only to learn that they
were both to be assassinated the
next night at a festa. The two
men who had undertaken the job
were found dead, stabbed to the
heart, in their own beds. On the
kriss handle was a bit of paper
with a line saying, "Beware of the
Malay's vengeance."

Polavieja resigned and returned
to Spain, being succeeded by Gen-
eral Augusti, formerly captain-gen-
eral of Barcelona. Aguinaldo is
about thirty-eight years old. He
and his comrade hold the future of
the Philippines almost entirely in
their hands.

Story of India Rubber.

HOW MACKINTOSHES CAME TO RE-
CEIVE THEIR NAME.

The story of India rubber is told
in a report just sent home by one
of the British consuls in Central
America. An English artist dis-
covered in 1770 that the new gum
was admirably adapted for rubbing
out pencil marks. He wrote a
paper on the subject, and informed
his contemporaries that a cubic
inch of this substance, costing only
three shillings, would last for years.
It was used for no other purpose in
England than effacing lead pencil
marks for about half a century
after this discovery, hence the name
"rubber." After the in-
roduction of the raw material and
the scientific description of the
plant by Frenchmen, it was first
manufactured into, waterproof
clothing in France toward the end
of the eighteenth century. Later
on the firm of Macintosh, of Man-
chester, manufactured waterproofs
on a large scale, and "mackintosh"
was the name by which waterproofs
were known throughout Great Bri-
tain as late as the seventies—to say
nothing the year of grace 1898.
—*Westminster Gazette.*

Bolivia is said to have the rich-
est silver mines in the world.

The yearly output of cigars
from the Philippines is 140,000,000.

The common laborer in the
Philippines receives ten cents day.

Of the earth's surface, 1,500,000
acres are devoted to tobacco
culture.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

In the *Silent Worker* for September, Alex L. Pach has two very readable pages, made up of commendation, comment and criticism, with here and there a suggestion tossed off in that airy way peculiar to Alex, which says as plainly as if so labelled, "I furnish the hypotheses, let the others work them out!" However, there is one suggestion which does not seem particularly pertinent to New Jersey consideration or to the columns of a New Jersey paper. We refer to the statement that "Fanwood" does not "enjoy the benefits that an alumni association confers." It would have been far more to the point if Alex had indicated that in New York State the deaf have long enjoyed the benefits that a State Association confers, while in New Jersey the deaf do not seem anxious to enjoy these benefits, and should transform their State Association into an alumni association, wherein the immediate prospect of free meals, and possibly also free lodging, might prove an inducement powerful enough to get a quorum together. It is hardly possible in these cool autumn days to get a vivid conception of Alex and a trio of friends, on a midsummer day when the mercury had made a century run and was still "scorching" for a better record, pushing their wheels with perspiring frenzy over the sand dunes of the New Jersey coast in a vain hunt for the State Association of the Deaf, only to discover, at the hospitable hostelry that had been tacitly designated as headquarters, two whilom New Yorkers, representing the official dignity of the organization, and a half dozen New York deaf-mutes who had made the trip with the double view of getting the benefit of the ocean breezes and commingling with the aggregation of New Jersey intellect and beauty that was expected to assemble in the immense auditorium at Ocean Grove.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Annual Report of the Northern New York Institution. There were 86 pupils during the year. A full page portrait and memorial to Miss Clara E. Parker, who died last summer, and a most excellent poem, entitled "Ruth," by the late Hugh R. Dinwoodie, a pupil who died of pneumonia, make the book of more than ordinary interest. Dinwoodie was a born poet, and this single one of his many productions stamp him as a poetical genius, who would have become famous had not his life been cut short. Half tones of kindergarten work and of the new laundry building embellish the book, which has been well printed by the institution press.

THROUGH the courtesy of Superintendent Jones, of the Ohio Institution, we are in possession of a "course of study"—a booklet of over sixty pages—and a photograph of the new school building, made from a wash drawing, with the first, second, and third floor plans of the same.

Of all vices, lying is the meanest.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Jacques Loew has resigned from the Manhattan Literary Association.

In the deaf and dumb alphabet the letters are all silent.—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

One of the wives of the much talked about Emperor of China is hard of hearing.—*Daily paper*.

Miss Annie E. Robbins, of Brooklyn, has been appointed a supervisor of the little girls at the Westchester Institute.

James M. Witbeck is a pattern maker, and does not not carry heavy iron was stated. He makes light wooden patterns, and is in no way a laborer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beuermann are rejoicing over the advent of a little son, who first saw the light on Saturday, September 17th. Mother and boy are doing well.

George Warren and Frank Eeka, of Brooklyn, recently visited Central, Riverside and other parks, in New York, on their wheels. They travelled about seventy-five miles through the various streets.

Mr. Charles Fox, who used to preach to the deaf-mutes of Peru, Ind., has been unable to work for eight months. He is now sick in bed, at his sister's home, with heart trouble. His wife and two children are with her parents in Miami, Ind.

Mr. Luther D. Buxton, of Buffalo, N. Y., a brother of Mrs. J. B. Herman and Mrs. A. V. Bergquist, who is a member of the 202 Regiment, N.Y. Volunteers, now stationed at Camp Meade, Middletown, Pa., is expected home this week on a furlough.

Miss Minnie E. Olin is now in her new home in the West with her parents, after spending two weeks her friends in Cincinnati, Ohio. She wishes to inform her friends in the East that they are now settled at their residence, 2115 Central Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

Gilbert Hicks, of Westbury; S. J. Fogarty, of Flushing; J. F. Donnelly, of Brooklyn; and D. Willets, of Roslyn; were at the Mineola (L. I.) Fair, last Wednesday. The first three rode there on their wheels and met by appointment. The Hicks Company Nursery had a nice exhibit. A deaf-mute named Cox, of Port Washington, L. I., had seven water-colors on show. They won no prizes. Mr. Hicks is a member of the society that holds the fairs.

Mr. Ed. Moss, wife and son, of Peru, Ind., took a pleasant excursion to Chicago one Sunday lately, to attend the bible class, and his wife's old classmate, Rev. Hasenstab's services at church. They were glad to meet some of their old schoolmates and classmates. Miss Blish, of Chicago, brought them home to Mr. Edward Kingdon after the church meeting, and Mrs. Moss gave her old classmate, Mrs. Kingdon, a surprise and recognized her quickly. She was very glad to see her again, for she has not seen her for eighteen years, when they graduated from the Indianapolis Institution for the Deaf.

The marriage service of the Church lent itself to unusual forms recently, when William J. La Motte married Miss Alice A. Brown, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Brown, of 982 Warren Ave. The bride and groom are deaf-mutes. The officiating minister, the Rev. A. W. Mann, of Gambier, Ohio, was assisted by the Rev. Harold Morse, of Trinity Church. The service was solemnized in the sign language, and the verbal interpretation was read by the Rev. Mr. Morse. The two ministers stood before a bank of palms in the parlor. Many of the witnesses of the ceremony were, like the bride and groom, deaf-mutes, and others were familiar with the sign language of the service. With a nimble play of fingers, the Rev. Mr. Mann began the ceremony. Silently he asked if any man knew aught why this man and this woman should not be united in holy wedlock. Reading slowly, that he might not outstrip the fingers of his silent colleague, the Rev. Mr. Morse followed the service aloud. With gesticulating fingers the bride promised to love, honor, and obey. In the same manner, the groom swore to love, cherish, and protect, and placed the ring on the finger of his bride. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the bride and groom were surrounded by their deaf and dumb friends, and in a bewildering flourish of fingers, congratulations and best wishes were poured upon them. The wedding supper was served at the residence after the ceremony.—*The Living Church*, Sept. 17, 1898.

KILLED A BEAR.

A DEAF-MUTE MAKES GOOD USE OF HIS REVOLVER.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Sept. 13.—Mr. L. O. Simmons, a deaf-mute formerly a typist on the *Progress*, of this city, but now an attaché of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Staunton, while coming from his home in Highland County and while camping on the way, had the fortune to shoot a two-hundred pound bear with his pistol, killing after three shots. He was engaged in holding three horses with one hand at the time while using the other to shoot the bear.—*Richmond Times*.

Brooklyn Guild.

A regular meeting of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes will be held in the Guild room of St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi St., on Thursday evening, October 6th, 1898, at 8 o'clock. All members are requested to be present by the President H. L. Juhring's order important business.

Yours truly,
WM. G. GILBERT,
Secretary.

Echo of the Thirteenth Convention of the P. S. A. D.

DEAR EDITOR:—Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to give therein my reasons for naming Mr. Geo. M. Teegarden, of Pittsburgh, along with other candidates for the office of President of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. I shall proceed in saying other things in the first place. While it was quite true that the late convention was a success, but there were some dissatisfaction manifested among some members who did come to me as Secretary, inquiring of me why President Koehler did not name some members for the nominating committee at the same time he made up the business, resolution and membership committees, from among the members present at the moment. As I knew nothing of Mr. Koehler's motive, I told them he should certainly have done so. I personally inquired of one of the most prominent members to that effect, and he rejoined that there were no available men or ladies (the elect of old members who have been in years running of the P. S. A. D.) about in the court room then. There were enough qualified members present that I can recall them, and why should Mr. Koehler make appointments for the other committees and reserve naming some for the nominating committee. That is the question for Mr. Koehler to answer. Not until "Father of the Society" Ziegler, who was sent for and made a bee line to Scranton, arriving there late on Wednesday night of the convention days, put in appearance and soon after Mr. Koehler rose and made the appointments in question. Any qualified members have the absolute right to be recognized as much as old members, even the oldest in point of connection with the society.

On Thursday morning, August 25th, entered Mr. Ziegler into the court room of the Scranton Court House, and called Mr. B. R. Allabough to the rear corridor, where both were closeted. Of course it was to request the latter to offer a motion to adopt the report of the nominating committee (latter presented). Mr. Allabough declined for the reason that he was himself a candidate for re-election. Then I was called and requested, likewise, which I declined. I inquired of Mr. Ziegler why I was not nominated for re-election, when it was well known abroad that I wanted to remain where I am. "Because Messrs Cloud, of St. Louis, Van Allen, of Albany, and Pach, of New York, especially the latter, was very much offended by the election of Mr. Stevens to the office of Secretary." That they were compelled to offer their resignations from the same office on account of their removal from the state, and thinks I should be treated as well, for he said many members were growling at him for keeping Mr. Stevens in office, who was a Jerseyman—which turned out to be false.

Things have all changed since the Williamsport convention, and there is a law in the society that permits outsiders of the state to become members as well as to hold offices. Mr. Ziegler also said in both instances he was embarrassed when Mr. Breen, who is one of the Board of Managers, asked him to retain himself (Mr. Breen), and he (Mr. Z.) could not have refused him. Later Mr. Breen was elected to the vice-presidency, and Mr. Stevens was unceremoniously given his passport. Thereafter I declined to offer a motion as previously requested. Mr. Kershner was called and privately closeted, and was requested in the same way. He was also given to understand that Mr. Stevens was going to name Mr. George M. Teegarden for office of president along with that of Mr. Koehler. This news was imparted to the presiding officer, with the result that my motion was not even referred to the convention for action, but allowed Mr. Kershner's motion to pass over mine, that gave Mr. Koehler two more years to be the executive head of the P. S. A. D. and of the Board of Managers.

The whole management was cleverly intrigued by Mr. Ziegler and his lieutenants. As to my naming Mr. Teegarden, I was in hope, as many others, that he or one of the black horses would be nominated and elected.

Rev. Mr. Koehler has always claimed himself a very busy man, and I do think that he should keep himself out of the management of both National and State associations, and devote himself solely and exclusively to the building up of All Souls' Mission and his vast field of labor in Central Pennsylvania. I can say right here without fear of being mistaken, that many of his flock have left his church, his pastoral visits are far and few, and there are lots of complaints about it.

Furthermore, if he does not look out for the condition of the Clerical Literary Association, it would not be surprising before long, if the names on the membership list would be reduced to the numbers counted on my fingers.

H. E. STEVENS.

A man acquires more glory by defending than accusing others.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Attendance has Reached the Century Mark.

LIST OF STUDENTS.

Foot-Ball Schedule—Other Items.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The session of Gallaudet College for the year '98-'99 opened on Wednesday with an enrollment of exactly one hundred students. This is the largest member ever present before on the opening day. In fact it is the first time that the attendance at any time has reached the hundredth mark. Four more young men are expected to arrive during the week, making the number a hundred and four. At present we have sixty-one men and thirty-nine women, but those yet to come are men, so the number of men will be sixty-five. This does not include the normal class, which at present consists of two men and three women, with one more man to come. If all expected students and members of the normal class come, the attendance will be one hundred and ten.

As this is the first time the attendance has passed, or even reached the hundredth mark, it is but natural that much enthusiasm should be prevalent for a successful year. The large attendance was a surprise to most of the students, as it was whispered about last Spring that only a few students had applied for admission. Below is given the names of those students composing each class, with the State from which they come.

Senior Class:—George V. Bath, Ohio; George A. Brooks, Texas; Joseph B. Bumgardner, Missouri; William H. Davis, Texas; Wilhelm A. Ohlemacher, Ohio; Daniel Picard, Louisiana; Roy J. Stewart, D.C.; Asa Stutsman, Illinois; George F. Wells, Iowa; Walter B. Rosson, Tennessee; Miss Sadie E. Griffis, Pennsylvania; Miss Sarah A. Rogers, South Carolina; Miss Edith Vandegrift, Minnesota.

Junior Class:—Owen G. Carrell, Iowa; Littleton A. Long, Kentucky; James W. Sowell, Alabama; Albert Wornstaff, Ohio; Miss Cloa G. Lamson, Ohio; Miss Emma M. Drager, Pennsylvania; Miss Ethel Z. Taylor, Colorado; Miss Gertrude Parker, Delaware; Miss Margaret M. Toomey, Pennsylvania; Wilbert P. Souder, Iowa; Miss Deborah H. Marshall, Connecticut.

Sophomore Class:—John A. Braithwaite, Canada; John S. Fisher, Pennsylvania; Robert C. Hemstreet, Iowa; Daniel E. Moran, Pennsylvania; Samuel Nichols, Pennsylvania; Arthur H. Morris, Indiana; Winfield S. Runde, California; Alexander D. Swanson, Canada; Robert S. Taylor, North Carolina; Miss Maud H. Brizendine, Alabama; Miss Theresa E. Gaillard, North Carolina; Miss Annie M. Lindstrom, California; Miss Francis A. Norton, California; Miss Grace G. Okie, New York; Miss Annie B. Stout, Pennsylvania.

Freshman Class:—George G. W. Andree, Mich.; Roy C. Carpenter, Mich.; George W. Clark, Iowa; H. D. Lee Clark, Conn.; John H. Clark, Utah; William J. Geiffuss, S. C.; Milton T. Haynes, Penna.; Peter Huges, Mo.; Thos. Y. Northen, Ky.; Cyril A. Painter, Penna.; Lester G. Rosson, Tenn.; George Shafer, Md.; Murry Campbell, N. Y.; Arthur Steidman, Mo.; Wilhelm F. Schneider, Ohio; William M. Strong, Iowa; Horace B. Waters, Mo.; E. Clayton Wygand, Md.; Miss Frieda W. Bauman, Ill.; Miss Elizabeth DeLong, Utah; Miss Sarah C. Fish, N. Y.; Miss Sarah Goldstein, Penna.; Miss Nellie V. Hayden, Penna.; Miss Bessie B. McGregor, Ohio; Miss Ida A. Ohlemacher, Ohio; Miss Adelaide L. Postel, Penna.; Miss Slavie A. Snyder, Ohio; Miss Clara B. Winton, Ohio; Miss Mary E. Zell, Ohio.

Introductory Class:—Guy Palen, Pennsylvania; Grey Barham, Louisiana; Culmer Barnes, New York; Philip Beausoliel, Vermont; Wm. C. Chambers, North Carolina; Ernest Cowley, Pennsylvania; Gilbert Erickson, Minnesota; James Forbes, Pennsylvania; Scott Foreman, Pennsylvania; George F. Flick, Ohio; Adam S. Hewetson, California; Albert S. Heyer, Vermont; Stephen C. Jones, Virginia; Frank Johnson, Illinois; Robt. C. Miller, North Carolina; Elbert M. Nowell, Missouri; John H. Ownbey, Tennessee; Arthur Rinck, Illinois; Chas. N. Snyder, Pennsylvania; Victor Spence, Minnesota; Miss Grace Allen, Kentucky; Miss Ida P. Brooks, Massachusetts; Miss Ota Crawford, Nebraska; Miss Marion E. Finch, South Dakota; Miss E. A. Fitzgerald, Illinois; Miss Margaret Hamburg, Minnesota; Miss Margaret Hutchinson, Canada; Miss A. L. MacPhail, New York; Miss Ivy Myers, Missouri; Miss Ethel M. Ritcher,

Colorado; Miss Luella Stephens, Illinois; Miss L. Webster, Texas; Miss Mary Williamson, Michigan.

The Freshmen Class named above is the largest in the history of the College. It contains twenty-nine members—eighteen boys and eleven girls. The Introductory Class consists of thirty-three members, about the usual number, but the large Freshman Class is what made the increase in the total number of students.

During the summer many improvements were made on the green. The walks and driveways have been repaired and, what will most please the boys, a fine track for the field teams has been made on the athletic grounds, while inside of the building, the "Knights of the Paint Brush" have been in evidence. New baths have also been put in for the boys, and increased water supply provided for.

The Reading Room Club was the first of the college organizations to elect officers. The election was held on Wednesday, and resulted in the selection of the following members as a committee to take charge during the first term: Stutsman, '99, chairman; Stewart, '99, Secretary; Wornstaff, '00, Treasurer; Long, '00, Moran, '01, Librarian, Hemstreet, '01. The Athletic Association was the next to perfect its reorganization. Picard, '99, was chosen as President; Swanson, '07, Treasurer; Carrell, '00, Base Ball Manager; Painter, '03, Foot Ball Scorer. The board, which consists of the officers, held a meeting at once, and elected Moran, '01, Captain of the second team. The names of about forty candidates were enrolled for the foot ball teams. The prospects for a good season are good. The team will be much heavier than last year, when we won the banner. One of the new candidates is six feet six inches in height, and another weighs two hundred and six lbs. All of last year's team are back except Erd, '98. Barham, who did so well as full back last season, has not yet returned, being detained on account of sickness. He has had typhoid fever, and may not be able to play at all.

The schedule of games as so far arranged is as follows: October 8, Gettysburg College at Gettysburg, Pa.; October 15th, University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Va.; October 19th, Georgetown University at Georgetown, D. C.; October 22d, Maryland Agricultural College at Kendall Green; October 29, St. John College, at Kendall Green; Nov. 5, Mt. St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, Md.; Nov. 12th, Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore; Nov. 19th, Western Maryland College at Westminster, Md. The Thanksgiving day game has not yet been arranged.

The O. W. L. S. Reading Room is the only one of the co-eds' organizations that has held an election yet, Miss Rogers, '99, was elected Chairman; Miss Toomey, '00, Secretary; Miss Stout, '01, Treasurer; Miss Taylor, '00, Librarian and Miss Winton, '02, Assistant Librarian.

The correspondents for the various school papers this year, are J. W. Sowell, '00, Register; Robert S. Taylor, '01, JOURNAL; B. Bumgardner, '99, Mo. Record; Wills, '99, Hawkeye; Snyder, I. C., Mr. Airy World; Schneider, '02, Chronicle; Wygand, '02, Md. Bulletin; J. Clark, '02, Utah Eagle; Northen, '02, Ky. Standard; Jones, I. C., Goodson Gazette; Carpenter, '99, Mirror; Miss E. Vandegrift, '99, Companion, and Miss Lindstrom, '01, California News.

The professors have about the same subjects and classes this year as last, except that the Freshmen class is in two divisions, one consisting of the men and the other of the women. The women are under the same instructors as last year, but the men are under Mr. Allen Fay in history and Caesar, and under Mr. Hall in geometry. Miss Martin teaches the boys of the Introductory Class in history and English.

The tallest and lowest girls in college belong to the Introductory Class, and this is also the case with the boys.

Herbert Gallaudet has finished his course at Yale and now goes to Edinburgh University, Scotland, for a post-graduate course.

Davis, '99, is usher for the Kendall School during the fall term.

R. S. T.

ST. LOUIS.

The Gallaudet Union opened the social season with an informal reception at the Memorial House, 1210 Locust St., on the evening of the 18th inst. There was quite a large attendance, and a very pleasant evening was the result.

Mrs. Emma Macy King, of the Little Rock, Arkansas, School for the Deaf, was a recent visitor at the Day School, where she was formerly a teacher.

Mr. D. W. George and Miss C. J. Luttrell, of the Illinois Institution, were recent visitors in the city. Mr. George had charge of the pupils going to the Institute from East St. Louis.

Mr. Clyde S. Jones will take a course at the Illinois College of Photography, at Elmhurst, before

starting out into business for himself.

Mr. Charles Haig, formerly of Gallaudet College, residing at Caseyville, nine miles east of the city, avails himself of the new electric road and attends services, lectures and socials in the city, almost as frequently as if he was a resident.

The address of Rev. J. H. Cloud has been changed to 2010 Obea Avenue—just one block north of the Grand Avenue water tower. The new location is more convenient to car lines.

Miss Emma Schum mourns the death of her mother, which occurred in Kansas City recently. Her many friends extend sincere sympathy.

The new principal of Jefferson School, in which the Day School is located, is Miss McGuire formerly principal of the Ashland, School. The change seems to be popular with the pupils and teachers of the Day School.

Mr. John Thompson, a hearing gentleman, formerly a teacher in the Kansas Institution at Olache, is employed at the Smith-Davis establishment in this city.

There was a special confirmation service on the morning of the 18th inst., at St. Thomas' Mission in the Bofinger Memorial Chapel, at which Miss Ota B. Crawford received the Apostolic rite at the hands of the Rt. Rev. D. S. Tuttle, D.D., Bishop of Missouri.

Coming Events: Sunday School at 9.30 A.M. and Church Services at 11 A.M., at St. Thomas Mission, (Bofinger Chapel) 13th, and Locust Sts., on October 2d, 9th, 16th, and 23d. Public Opinion Meeting October 7th, and Gallaudet Union Meeting October 14th, at 8 P.M., at the Schuyler Memorial House, 1210 Locust Street. All cordially welcome.

Albany-Troy News.

"It is more blessed to give than receive." Thus many deaf friends of both cities, tendered Mrs. Harrison A. Burt a genuine surprise party the night preceding her birthday, September 25th. Imagine her surprise when they marched into her favorite room where she was sewing, leaving cakes, fruits and presents on the table. The friends took hats off and made things merry incessantly until midnight. At 10 o'clock they sat around the extensive table, and after Mr. C. Augustus Smith made a short address on Mrs. Burt's birthday all applauded and did full justice to the repast.

The following persons were present: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Getting and Miss Mary Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Getting, Misses Maggie Flynn, Rose Getty, Sophia Maier, Messrs. Andrew Keenan, John H. Hogan, Philip Johnson, George and Edward Gilboe, James H. Cutter, Henry Held, Doody and writer.

Rev. Mr. Koehler delivered an impressive and instructive lecture before the deaf assemblage at Albany, September 15th. So absorbed was the reverend gentleman in his lecture that he did not stop at the proper time according to rules of the place. So the chairman felt compelled to remind him of the time, and apologized to him for interference.

The audience gave the Rev. Koehler close attention.

Miss Katie Eaton has gone home to Ilion, N. Y.

Philip Johnson says he has in his list book the names of seventeen persons who will take part in the drive to Charles F. Mull's house, to spend the afternoon with Charlie on October 16th. They will meet on Clinton, corner Pearl Street, at Albany, at 9:30 o'clock that morning.

Mrs. Frank Laupaugh, of Gunderland Centre, visited Mrs. H. A. Burt a week ago.

John Costa was a guest at the house of his old chum, Morrisey, for three weeks, until John left for Westchester to attend school, two weeks ago.

Frank Sullivan was in Boston on a visit to his brother last week.

What's in a name? The following amusing incident will explain itself. A certain deaf man was recently on the lookout for a Mr. Brothers, and meeting the first person on the street, the deaf man inquired of Mr. Brothers. The fellow accosted, misunderstood him, and nodding his head in the affirmative, beckoned him to follow him to his brother's house, instead of Evan Brothers.

Entering the house, the deaf man greeted the wrong person, of course, and handed him a note.

Imagine the wrong man's embarrassment as he read the note beginning with: "My Dear Mr. Brothers," etc. Here the deaf man seeing that something was wrong, asked with his index finger on the words: "Mr. Brothers." "Sir, is that your name?"

Immediately the supposed Mr. Brothers realized the situation, saying "No," and added that Mr. Brothers lived one door above.

A certain semi-mute young woman in this section should break her habit of writing and speaking alternately. She had quite an experience in a store where she was making purchases recently. In writing she made known her wants, then a minute later the woman

spoke orally. The clerk was rooted to the floor by surprise, and muttered to himself as if he meant to say he was now accosted by an impostor.

A lady correspondent of the *Register*, who is anxious about her old chum, is informed that Miss Frances Allen, of Albany, is alive and well.

Miss Mira Warren's niece, a music teacher, is engaged to be married. The event will occur on October 19th.

Joseph Kinney is out and about after a five days' illness.

For the first time in twenty-four years, Mrs. H. A. Burt will visit her *alma mater* at Fanwood this week. Miss Sarah Schutt, who attended the 50th school and afterwards at Fanwood, will accompany Mrs. Burt. Miss Schutt graduated thirty-four years ago and has not been down there since.

FORMER PUPIL.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

When there is social pleasure to be had, Brooklyn's deaf are never slow in seizing upon the occasion and making the most of it. Such was the case last Saturday evening. A call had been issued to several well known gentlemen for a meeting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Juhring, but what had been intended for business only, turned out to be one of the most brilliant social successes which has occurred over here for some time past.

Mr. John Wilkinson, who originated the movement for the formation of an organization whose object was to be purely of a social nature, called the gathering to order and gave his views as to how it should be conducted. He was followed by Mr. Juhring, Mr. Senior, and others, and it was finally decided that an organization should be formed. One chronic old bachelor who in the past had participated in the formation and destruction of similar societies, hinted that with him woman's rights "did not go," as the ladies generally wanted to boss the job and always made a mess of it. A frightened look instantly appeared on the chairman's phiz, and one of indignation upon those of the fair sex, and the bachelor was quickly given to understand that it was the ladies alone who had successfully engineered fairs in aid of the Gallaudet Home, etc. Nothing was said about the poor fellows who at these fairs spent a month's salary for pin cushions, paper weights, and such useful things for which he had not the least use in the world.

The naming of the new baby, or rather the new society, was now in order. After quite a lively discussion it was decided to call it the "Brooklyn Social," and to defer all further business until the next meeting, which upon invitation of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkinson will take place at their residence during the last week of the coming month. As it was now growing late, all went to the dining room to enjoy the "spread" which had been set out for the occasion, and which consisted of watermelon and other good things. Toasts were drunk to the success of the Brooklyn Social, which in brilliancy of its gatherings promises to outshine the glorious Twilight Union of a dozen or more years ago.

Among the many who were at this "social" were Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Mary Renwick, Mrs. Hedgeman and son, Howard, Miss Gillen, Bessie Wilkinson, Miss R. Gantz, Mr. Edward Abrams, Miss Rite Smith, and Mr. Frank M. Senior.

NOTES.

Although the Brooklyn Social's meetings are to be held in relation at the homes of its married members, it is by no means to be a swell organization or exclusively for members. Invitations will be issued occasionally to non-members to attend the socials of the new club.

It is said that the Brooklyn Social intends to have a brilliant gathering on the afternoon and evening of January 1st next, and it is also hinted that a similar affair will take place on Thanksgiving evening. If the Social will also undertake the management of a movement looking to the celebration of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, it will do itself proud. It is true that, its object is purely social, but a celebration on the evening of December 10th next could be made that and at the same time honor the memory of a benefactor of our class. Such a celebration should be held in some large hall, and at the close of the exercises light refreshments served, which at popular prices would undoubtedly be a big success. After all expenses are paid, the balance if any should go to the "Home" at Poughkeepsie.

The committee which will have the management of the Brooklyn "socials" for some time to come, are Mrs. Henry L. Juhring, Miss Mary Renwick and Mr. G. L. Reynolds.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

OCTOBER.
2-11.00 A.M., Pittsburgh. Holy Communion.
2-3.00 P.M., Pittsburgh. Evening Prayer and sermon.
Appointments may be made between the above dates, of which due notice will be given by mail. Write the Rev. A. W. Mann at Gambier, Ohio.

PHILADELPHIA.

Wedding Bells Ring Mer-
-rible.

MR. BAKER'S HAUNTED
HOUSE.

Mt. Airy Institution Notes.--
General News.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

John M. Rolohouse, of Pittsburg, and Anna C. Schatz, of Reading, were married at the residence of the bride on Thursday, September 22d, by the Rev. J. M. Koehler. The ceremony was private, only a few visitors and intimate friends bring present. Among the latter were Miss Capitola Biery and sister Mrs. Isamayer, of Mertztown, and Miss Theresa Schoenenberger and sister, of Ashland. The couple were at- tended by Elma Scheutz, of Sharp- burg, and Miss Theresa Schoenen- berger, of Ashland. The usher was Mr. David Hintz, of Reading. After the ceremony, which was at high noon, an elegant lunch was served, and then followed the reception, during which a host of friends called to congratulate the happy couple. They were the recipients of many handsome and useful gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Rolohouse will reside at Aspinwall, near Pittsburg, in their own house recently purchased by the groom.

By request, J. Dunlop Baker called on the JOURNAL reporter recently, and related his unique experience of living in a haunted house in Frankford, this city.

Mr. Baker, who is a compositor by occupation, came here from New Orleans, La., several years ago, married a deaf lady, Miss Sampson, by name. Early in July last he decided to move his family from the south western part of the city to Frankford, where he held a position in a printing office. He in- quired of fellow-workmen for a house in a convenient location. One of them volunteered to find one for him, and shortly after reported No. 1347 Sellers Street as renting for six dollars a month. That was better than Mr. Baker had expected and, when he took a look at the house, he was still more surprised to find it three stories high and ap- parently in good condition. He then lost no time to engage it, and on July 8th took possession, believ- ing that he had the best house procurable in the city for the money.

The couple's dreams were soon blasted, however. The peace of mind they had counted on in their new home was difficult to find. An air of strangeness pervaded the house. Yes, on the very day of their occupancy of it, odd sounds and mysterious noises greeted their presence.

However, they seemed nothing uncommon to the busy couple en- gaged in setting up furniture and fixing things about the place, and no serious thought was given them. It may be that the deafness of the couple rendered them less suscepti- ble to the unnatural noises. If so, it was both fortunate and unfortu- nate for them; fortunate that they were not capable of taking warn- ing by them.

But after all, it was only the be- ginning of their experience in a haunted house. This fact did not dawn upon Mr. Baker until after he had well settled down. Being a man of nerve, he decided to stay and gain more "experience;" but he carefully kept the truth from his wife as long as possible. One night he was awakened from his sleep by a hand shaking his foot at the toes. Naturally, his first thought was of his wife who might have done it, but she lay beside him sound asleep. He then looked about the room for an intruder but saw none, and but for a rumbling noise nothing further attracted his attention. It seemed as though the unseen visitor, finding the couple deaf to repeated calls, resorted to this method of awakening them and making known his presence.

Incredible as this may seem, Mr. Baker declares that the experience, was not that of a dream, having been too realistic in performance. Besides he had up to that time placed no faith in ghost tales. This occurrence alone, being but one of the many strange experiences he had, shook his faith. On another occasion, while the Baker family was eating supper, Mr. Baker noticed his ghostship in the kitchen, and, without calling his wife's at- tention, went in to investigate, but his "white friend" was too quick for him. On several occasions the couple felt what seemed to them unmistakable footsteps about the rooms, which were unaccountable. The disturbances occurred daily and nightly, or every alternate day and night, thus somewhat irregularly. During night they were gen- erally felt between one and two o'clock. They were as bad in day- time as in the night, and Mrs.

Baker was badly frightened on more than one occasion, while at- tending to her household duties. One night the couple were compell- ed to leave the house and get lodg- ing elsewhere. Mr. Baker investi- gated a number of times, but in vain. He was eager to meet the phantom and know its sex, but only once did he get a faint view of it, as told above.

Mr. Baker is corroborated in his statements by a hearing lodger. On inquiry among neighbors he was told that the house had long had the reputation of being haunted. Even the police knew of it. Mr. Baker also took his landlord to task for not telling him about it, but was informed that he had asked his friend to tell him, which, it developed, he had not done. The friend evidently thought that a deaf couple was less liable to be disturbed in the ill-fated house.

Finally, being unable to find any cause for the disturbances and get- ting no rest, the family was com- pelled, after two months of en- durance, to seek other quarters.

The Philadelphia Record, Sep- tember 15th, reported the follow- ing:

John Sorg, the deaf-mute who during a neighborly row, precipitated by a children's quarrel, shot Mrs. Clara Corley, who lived in an adjoining house on Lehigh street, yesterday pleaded guilty to aggravated assault and battery, and was sentenced by Judge Finletter, to 18 months in the Eastern Penitentiary. In behalf of Sorg it was contended that he was subject to periodical attacks of insanity, and that the shooting had occurred during one of them.

Our sympathy is again extended to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Wall for the loss of their other daughter, Marjorie Anna Wall, on September 14th. Her age was seven months and twenty-eight days. She was also buried at Cheltenham Hills. The death of their other child was re- ported in our last letter.

MT. AIRY INSTITUTION NOTES :

Misses Wood and Brock, teachers in Wingohocking Hall, and Mr. E. A. Gruver and Miss M. P. Hinkley, also teachers, resigned. Miss C. R. Smith, formerly of the Indianapolis Institution, Miss H. S. Throck- morton, of the Northampton Insti- tution, and Miss Beal of Mt. Airy, are among the newly appointed teachers. Mr. Harris Taylor fills Mr. Gruver's place in the Advanced Oral Department. Miss Rogers, of Wingohocking Hall, has been transferred to Cresheim, where be- sides teaching she has immediate charge of the boys' attendants. On the girls' side Miss Wells holds a similar position, it being a new departure. The Manual Depart- ment has about fifty pupils and five classes only. Miss Mary Lough- ridge was appointed matron, suc- ceeding Mrs. A. M. Nathans. Miss Harling, formerly assistant super- visor of girls in Wissinoming Hall, has succeeded Miss Longhridge as supervisor in Wingohocking Hall. Mr. Zeigler's place as supervisor in Wingohocking is filled by Mr. A. B. Frey, formerly of Wissinoming. Dr. and Mrs. Crouter have moved into the house formerly occupied by the Steward, which has been beautifully remodelled. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Gruver (formerly Miss Hinkly) who were married on Sep- tember 1st, spent a few days at Mt. Airy previous to the opening of school. Mrs. F. W. Booth and son, Edmund, are expected to re- turn from Michigan soon. The Mt. Airy World has made its appear- ance again.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Commencing on Sunday, October 2d, the afternoon service at All Souls' Church will be resumed. There will be a celebration of Holy Communion. The Bible Classes will reorganize after service.

Mr. Thomas Breen entertained the members of the Clerc Literary Association with several choice recitations last Thursday evening, the 22d. The weather being in- clement the attendance was small.

The Clerc Literary Association and its Council both held business meetings during the week of Sep- tember 12th, the Council on Tues- day and the Association on Thurs- day.

A Special Committee of the Council, consisting of Messrs. R. M. Ziegler, F. C. Smielau and W. H. Lipsett, was appointed to con- sider changes for the improvement of the Association. Messrs. E. D. Wilson, H. G. Gunkel, and Lloyd Hutchison, were appointed a com- mittee to arrange a supper or ban- quet for December 10th. The En- tertainment Committee was re- quested to arrange an entertain- ment on October 31st. The fol- lowing standing committees were announced by President Smielau, to serve until March, 1899.

Literary Committee--R. M. Ziegler, F. C. Smielau, J. Add. Melvaine.

Entertainment Committee--E. D. Wilson, R. Underwood, Miss Dora Kintzel, Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett, Ira Poorman.

Library Committee--Jas. S. Reid- er, Miss Kate Keen, H. E. Stevens.

Membership Committee--Wm. H. Lipsett, H. G. Gunkel, L. Hutchi- son, F. Stumpf, F. Buch.

A lecture is expected to be delivered before the Association on October 6th.

Mrs. Catherine Bock, of Lehigh Gap, mother of Mrs. Eliza Ann Leisersohn, died on Friday, Septem- ber 23d, at the age of 80 years.

Mrs. Leisersohn, who lives in this city, attended the funeral.

Miss Katie Senkind, of Wash- ington, D. C., is visiting his friends here.

David B. Glenn, of Carlisle, is visiting his sister, Mrs. A. E. Stevens, at Merchantville, N. J.

Washington Houston has been confined to his home by sickness the past few weeks.

Mrs. William A. Weaver, former- ly Miss McGahan, is seriously ill at St. Joseph's Hospital.

Mrs. Abbey, of Towanda, was the guest of Mrs. Charles Campbell for a few days.

Miss Emily Hamilton returned from Wildwood Beach, N. J., on Saturday, a week, after an absence of nearly three months.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens was christened at Grace P. E. Church, Merchantville, N. J., on Tuesday afternoon, September 20th. She was named Elma Glenn Stevens. The day happened to be the couple's fifth wedding anniversary, and they celebrated it by inviting a number of friends to tea.

Sept. 26, '98. J. S. R.

Portland, Oregon.

Edward Page, who has been visiting with the family of his cousin, Mrs. B. F. Tupper, re- turned to his home at Portland, Wednesday. Mr. Page employed in the saddlery and harness estab- lishment of George Lawrence & Co., of that city.

Owing to the dull times it is rather hard to secure items con- cerning the doings of the silent community. However, most of the mute residents are well-to-do and in prosperous circumstances. There have been several birthday parties and other social affairs to enliven the season.

Prof. Wentz, formerly of Ohio, a prominent druggist, conducted Sunday services before a large as- semblage of mutes.

W. W. Redman had a narrow escape recently, from being hit by a motor car. He is a good looking fellow with permanent position as carpenter with a large manufactur- ing firm of Portland. His wife is also deaf and prominent in deaf social circles.

Several graduates of the Oregon School for the Deaf have secured positions in Portland. Among them is Rosander, cabinet maker, and A. Litherland, who has reured employment in a brick yard. Both are doing well. His brother, a semi-mute, Mr. E. Litherland, is engaged in furniture construction. His wife's maiden name was Lizzie Early.

James S. Lane, a deaf-mute of Los Angeles, Cal., earns his living by selling small books, called, "Brief Review of the Manual Alphabets of the Deaf." The book is quite interesting, with several fine pictures, one of them of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, founder of the Hartford School for the Deaf.

Mr. Thos. R. Lane, a very in- telligent deaf-mute, of Los Angeles, was here on a short visit last week. He came to Portland on a business trip and made it convenient to come over. He was educated in the Virginia School under Supt. Doyle. L. D. Eaton, accompanied by his wife, came to Portland on a visit, from Astoria.

John O. Reichle was in Portland, on a visit to his married sister. Sunday he took a walk about town and visited the Zoological Park.

The family of J. W. Bently have been spending some time at Pacific Ocean Beach. Mr. Bently estab- lished a shoe business in 1877, and since then has been quite pros- perous.

J. D. Brower, who was educated in Iowa, has taken up his residence in Salem, permanently. He is a devotee of the wheel.

Joseph Jorg Leams, employed by a wholesale firm, has been getting along nicely.

Mr. Evan O'wein's large residence has not yet been completed.

Mr. Frank Raffeta, formerly of California, has become a resident of Portland. He was educated at the California Institution for the Deaf.

There is an abundance of deer in the mountains around here. Wil- liam Bushnell, whose home is situ- ated in a vale, has caught three deer by the aid of his hounds.

Prof. Smith has been doing well as a real estate agent in this city.

The Oregon Legislature, is dis- cussing the advisability of the removal of the deaf-mute School from Port- land to Salem.

EDWIN J. PAGE.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINI-
TY, OCTOBER 2d.

3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, New York
City. Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
Holy Communion.

St. John's Church, Yonkers.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Judith Ricker, of East Lebanon, Me., 98 years old, blind and deaf, still gets around her house and does her share in keeping it tidy.--N. Y. Sun.

CHICAGO.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Post Office.]

Weller, Beware of --, had no effect on Emil A. Weller, last February, when he decided to start for Klondike. "Alaskan Winters" might be substituted for "widders" in the case. Finding a fellow printer ready to go, a party of five, was made up. Emil had been sav- ing money from his job-printing position and the party laid in a large supply of furs and provisions, both here and at Seattle. They started via St. Paul, and before reaching Seattle had met with three accidents by a snow-storm by land and rocks falling on the railroad track. At Spokane they heard of the Maine being blown up. Arrived at Seattle, they found their boat gone and had to wait ten days. Then they started, the boat going through the straits. After three days they reached Juneau, Alaska. Then the boat made for the open sea, where it encountered a heavy storm and rocked in such a way that Emil thought he would never see old Chicago again. The stom- achs of most of the men, except Emil's, rocked in unison with the choppy Pacific, and then followed "the feeding of the fishes." Finally the blizzard abated and the boat landed at Port Valdes. The party was bound for Copper River, where they expected to strike it rich. As soon as the boat touched at Port Valdes, a party of citizens from the town approached it, and asked that the passengers acted as gentlemen while in town, citing the instance of a man being hung by Lynch law only a day before for shooting an- other. The Chicago party had some dogs with them and it cost them \$10 apiece for transportation. They also had 6,500 lbs. of provi- sions to last a year and a half. Well, the hardships in getting the provisions over a glacier to the lake were told, how they had to move along a trail over 11 feet of snow by pressing a path down. Other parties used the trail, and if one got exhausted and sat down the others behind had to wait too. They got to the lake, and found it six inches deep with water and ice below. The party had to drag the sleds through the water to the end of the lake, a distance of thirty miles. Here they found Indians and commencing building a boat, Ulysses' style. The fir forests must have rung with the lusty strokes of Emil's companions, as did the Sthen's island with those of the Ithacans? But more troubles awaited them. The river joining the lake with Copper River was full of rapids and the party had no end of trouble getting the boat through. Twice it slipped out of their hands and running away for miles was dashed against the rocks, upsetting provisions.

The last time it was caught by Indians, for which they paid them four dollars. They prospected some, but found no gold, and were discouraged by returning parties with tales of no luck. Emil return- ed to the cache on the lake and joined two others there, and spent the time in hunting and fishing. The Indians were friendly, and met you with a handshake. Signs had to be resorted to for communica- tion. The Indians make basket nets with which they catch salmon, then smoke them. Once in a while they make long journeys of 200 miles to a seaport, to exchange furs for tea, beads and other things and bring them back. Tea and salmon seems to be their chief articles of diet for eight months, then they vary it with bear meat and venison. Coming back the parties made up till there were fifteen of them, but four came by another route, and the eleven, Emil in it, had a time getting over a glacier, after spend- ing all night in the rain and having nothing to eat for breakfast. Guides were sent out by the other party and conducted them back to Valdes, where the U. S. soldiers fed them. Emil came back by the open sea, and the sight of a school of whales, spouting water and gliding around the ship at one place and a school of dolphins at another, enlivened his home voyage.

The mosquitoes in Alaska were so troublesome that the New Jersey was not in it at all with the Alaskan one. You could not blow him off while he was helping copiously himself to your blood but had to crush him. Snow glasses had to be worn, or snow blindness would result. It cost \$1 to bring six letters from port to camp and mail was brought in once a month. A party from Chicago was met with and they showed a young man from Lake View who had come out of an encounter with a bear. He suc- ceeded in killing it. Even a Polar bear can't get the best of a Chicago man) but at the expense of dis- figurement of his face, his jaw being torn off.

Mr. Raffington, a jewelry en- graver by profession, has had his ups and downs of life. In the 1871 great fire, his fortune was swept away and he came to Indianapolis to board at the Indiana School, where I was a pupil. Soon every one knew his story, but he came back to Chicago like thousands of other citizens, and set to work to

repair his shattered fortunes. The result is told by a newspaper clip- ping.

TRUST DEED FOR \$25,000.

Jemima M. Raffington, her husband and Mary A. Jones filed in the recorder's office yesterday a trust deed for \$25,000 worth of property. The deed is in favor of Thies J. Lebens and is given as security on a loan of \$25,000, which matures in three years. Interest is fixed at 5 1/2 per cent. The property scheduled in situated at the northwest corner of North Clark and Erie streets, and has an east frontage of 44 feet by 120 feet.

The Entertainment Committee has arranged a program for the Pas-a-Pas Club till December as follows:

- Oct. 8--Reception to Mr. Hasenstab.
- " 15--Lecture by Prof. Haskins.
- " 22--Open.
- " 29--Hallowe'en Evening.
- Nov. 12--Ladies' Aid Society night.
- " 19--Lecture by Mr. Gallaher.
- Dec. 10--Gallaudet Banquet.
- " 17--Open.
- " 24--Xmas Evening.
- " 31--Ball.

The inclinations of people for pets run in all sorts of directions. This is nothing new, but it is worth relating that neighbors of the Clbys have for pets the following objects:

- One White Goat.
- One White Rabbit.
- One White Cat.
- One White Hen.
- Three White Mice.

The mice and cat are on the most amicable terms, while the goat has the entrance to the parlor. The children are dressed in white, so they present the ideal of a happy family. Teachers wanting to use this story for their school rooms will please take notice that a copyright is pending in this story.

The latest information concern- ing Gilpin and Hagerman, who were shot, is that the former was removed to his home from the County Hospital, and barring blood poisoning had a good chance to live. A button saved him from being hit in the body. Hagerman is still in the hospital. They say they were drawn into the street fracas by a third companion, who cut up on the street and precipitat- ed the row. He ought to have re- ceived the bullets.

There is no cause of complaint of over heated journals now, as the JOURNAL reaches its subscribers on Saturdays.

The Base ball games are being well patronized by those possessing good eyesight ere the season closes. Chicago will be satisfied with fifth place, as it is ahead of New York anyhow.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

There was a fierce fire at Elm- wood, where Frank Harvey met his untimely death in his room at the Sheppard House, Monday morning, at 3 o'clock. Seven other buildings were destroyed. Frank was the son of a detective of this city, who was murdered by the Wilson brothers. He was educated at the Catholic Deaf-Mute School, at Buffalo, N. Y. For two summers he worked in St. Agnes' Cemetery at Elmwood, near where he took his board in the village. Every one escaped ex- cept he and a hearing fellow who slept in the next room to Frank Harvey's. The bodies were found and Harvey's was known by being larger. He was buried in St. Joseph's cemetery the next day. Some mutes attended the funeral service held at St. Lucy's Church, and J. L. Keller acted as one of the pall- bearers. Frank was well-known to the people of this city and is much missed by his friends.

Miss Jennie Winegar, of Utica, who had been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown for three weeks, has returned to her home.

Miss Anna L. McGowan was visiting the Western parts of the State, and on her stop in Rochester was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer for two weeks. Anna had her wheel along with her, and she enjoyed many pleasant spins there.

Miss May L. Krause is back from her country sojourn, and declares that she will take up her studies again by next week.

Mrs. Ellsworth A. Brown left for Utica, this week, where her chil- dren wanted to pay a visit to their grandmother before going back to the Rome School. Mrs. Brown will go to Glen Falls and stay with relatives and friends for a month. The meeting of the Whist Club was postponed till the arrival of Presi- dent Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Katherine Parkerr, the sister of Mr. Geo. D. Connor has secured a position in the West Brothers knitting mill, and will re- side at the latter's home.

Miss Mary Butler is quickly re- covering from typhoid fever, but is not yet allowed to leave the hospital.

It was stated that Mr. John Geary will leave for the West sometime this month, where he will look for a position.

Rev. Dantzer's service, held in the St. Paul Chapel, was well attended last Sunday.

Miss Josephine Blaum and "Star Pointer" gave up their trip to Bal- winsville, N. Y., last Sunday, and will make it this coming Sunday and then go to Belgium.

STAR POINTER.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2d.
9:45 P.M.--St. John's, Johnstown, N. Y.
Evening Prayer.
7:30 P.M.--St. Ann's, Amsterdam, N. Y.
Evening Prayer.
H. VAN ALLEN,
Lay-Missionary.

NEW YORK.

Timely Comments and
News Notes.

DEAF DRUNKS LET GO.

A Visit to Artist Ballin's
Country Home.--"Fanwood"
Used by a Raines Law Fake
Organization.

Theo. I. Lounsbary's address is 208 East 96th Street, New York City.

As has been before remarked, it is going to be a dull season in deaf social circles, unless something turns up. The Elect Surds will hold their entertainment early in December for a certainty, but the Union League has not yet decided on the matter of a ball or other en- tertainment as was their custom up to two years ago. Last year they decided to forego it, for fear of it being a financial burden. The Guild of Silent Workers have not shown any activity so far this fall, but undoubtedly they will bob up with some sort of announcement; more likely so after the new church is ready for occupancy. The M. L. A. has not decided on its annual reception, but is abiding its time and privately discussing the subject, "Lectures" and debates can hardly be looked for, as last year they all proved failures in point of attend- ance.

Now and then one finds in the daily press an item of some deaf- mute being killed by the cars, or a garbled account of a deaf drunk being arraigned, or some humorous description of a case in which a deaf person figures, and the strange thing about them, is that nine times out of ten the real deaf do not know them. The reason of it is that the deaf person is simply hard of hearing or became deaf after school age, and therefore never attended any school for the deaf or moved in deaf society. There are very many of this class, and they are even enumerated in the census. Many of this class of people are termed "deaf-mutes," and when they get into a scrape, the public read of it, and are pre- judiced against all the deaf unless they understand something about the deaf and the education afford- ed them. Would that all could know that there are many good and learned deaf-mutes, with only a small proportion of hard cases among them!

If there are any of the deaf, who for some reason or other must get on a jag once in a while or even once in a life time, they will be very wise if they will hunt up Magistrate Duell's assignments be- forehand, for he has declared he will render no more decisions in the case of deaf and dumb persons, because the court interpreters are not yet up to this mystic language of the fingers.

It happened Sunday morning, when some one who let the name of Daniel O'Brien go on the police blotter. He had been drunk, fight- ing drunk, and had even opened hostilities upon the person of the blue coated officer of the law, who brought down his stick and ended the combat. O'Brien's name had been called twice, to which he made no answer, but the officer poked him with his club, and O'Brien realized that it was his "next." To the Judge he wrote:

"I bought a new pair of shoes at Varick Street near Spring. I don't know what is matter with cop who arrest me, and I tell you that I declare that cop stole my \$13 from my pocket and I got a blow on my jaw by club. Let me know where is my \$13 and you ask cop who arrest me. I need to pay for my rent. I live in Hoboken and I am married and four children. Yours truly, DAN O'BRIEN."

Patrick Kelly, another deaf-mute, came and testified to the good character of O'Brien, and after a lot of paper had been written on, and the court room began to look like a country editor's sanctum, the Judge was compelled to call a halt, and promptly discharged him.

"Officer Dooley," sighed the judge, after the two deaf-mutes had left, "if you are going to make a regular thing of this deaf-mute business you'll have to learn to talk with your fingers. Hereafter I shall decline to dispense justice by correspondence."

A supposedly fake club, "or- ganized" to tolerate the Raines Sunday hotel business, gave a "re- ception" at its headquarters, the summer garden of a saloon on 8th Avenue and 158th Street, Satur- day evening. Singularly enough, the club is called the Fanwood Club, a name no doubt stolen from the institution a mile further off to- wards the Hudson. It is to be re- gretted that the fair name of Fan- wood should find itself misused in such a low down "organization."

Fireman John Fitzpatrick, of Engine Co. No. 19 has suffered some from "deafness." He missed an

alarm one day and was put on trial. He pleaded guilty, and said an operation on one of his ears had af- fected his hearing. The fire board fined him \$5.00. The board is evidently on to the "deaf and dumb racket" in the Fire Department, and Fitzpatrick has awakened to the fact that it is no go.

The News has a finely spun "deaf and dumb" joke, the sub- stance of which is as follows:--"I met a cyclist to-day who actually didn't talk bicycle." "He was a wonder." "No, he was deaf and dumb."

Frank Turner, of Brooklyn Bor- ough, has been laid up at home for a week past with illness, but is said to be on the mend and by this time is back to work at his shop.

Alexander Karst, a Cornell stu- dent, was recently in an accident, from which he emerged with a cracked skull. Mr. Karst before the accident was a fine scholar and a genius. He is now mute and very eccentric. He is to undergo an operation in having his cranium lifted from his brain, the result of which will be interesting to note.

H. S. Anderson is seriously con- sidering embarking into some busi- ness on his own book.

W. S. Hoy was here for the final series of the Louisvilles with the New Yorks. They did us thrice. Hoy is a peach of a player.

Mr. John O'Rourke, of Haver- hill, Mass., stopped in this city last week, on his way from Washing- ton, D. C.

Mr. W. K. Chase has been in this city for three weeks, and left last Wednesday, for Yonkers. He says New York is a poor field for book agents.

Henry F. Greer and family have moved up to the vicinity of 163d Street and Southern Boulevard.

Max Stein, who, some weeks ago, was injured at a fire on East Fifth Street, died three days later in Bellevue Hospital. He was 35 years old.

Those desirous of joining the new foot-ball team can send their applications to either H. Prinsinz- ing, 452 W. 37th Street, or to S. Lowenherz, 1517 First Avenue.

Announcement of the Elkin and Rosenbaum engagement appeared in the Sunday Herald.

Captain. Soper and his lieuten- ant wheeled to Pearl River, N. Y., Sunday, and were royally en- tertained by artist Ballin, who has a pleasant home and surroundings, but somewhat in a wilderness-- such as an artist would desire. An addition was recently made to the house, and it is now spacious, with large parlor, sitting and dining rooms, and sleeping rooms, and has all the sanitary improvements, something not to be looked for in such a location. There are several acres, a part of which is devoted to vegetation, while there are apples in such abundance that half of them go to rot. The cellar is be- ing filled with preserves and pota- toes and other truck, as well as cider and wine that will last through till the next harvest. A little walk from the rear yard leads to a brook, near which a bath house has been built. This is their "sea shore" in summer. A white horse is pasturing in the orchard, and in the barn there is a buggy and a run- about and a sleigh. There are facilities for breeding chickens by the hundreds, but Mr. Ballin has felt discouraged in this and lets it run only up to a hundred or two. The artist's studio is in the attic of the house, a model in itself, but he is going to transfer it to the car- riage house and build a new barn. What more could one desire whose ideal is a home in the country.

Mrs. Ballin is a splendid cook, to say nothing of her other accom- plishments, which are not few, and the little girls, Marion and Viola, help make life cheerful in this little hamlet, while of visitors there are plenty, and both Mr. and Mrs. Bal- lin are always prepared to receive and dine a dozen at a time without notice.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"SPORTING LIFE," THE GREAT ENG-
-LISH DRAMA.

Probably the most important event of the season in New York will be Jacob Litt's big production of the new English drama, "Sport- ing Life," at the Academy of Music, Monday, September 26th. Pre- parations have been going on for several months, and half of the scenic artists in New York have been busily engaged most of the summer in getting up the scenery. There are in all 17 different scenes, most of them novel in design and all built especially to fit the big stage of the Academy. The play is described as a strong drama; and the cast is really a remarkable one. It is doubtful if a stronger cast was ever given an English play. Head- ing the list is that splendid actor, Robert Hillard, and among others equally well known may be men- tioned Flita Proctor Otis, Joseph Wheelock, Charles Walcott, Frank Burbeck, R. A. Roberts, William Bonelli, Robert Paton Gibbs, Frazier Coulter, Marie Cahill, and Jeannette Lowrie. In all there will be nearly 300 people and 30 horses employed in the production, and the claim is made that it will be the most elaborate presentation of the kind ever attempted.

FANWOOD.

Formal Opening of the School Term.

MILITARY DRILL IS RESUMED.

The Proteus Club Pin-Cycle Note—Other Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Thursday morning found all the teachers and pupils present, except a few who were detained at home on account of illness or other cause.

At 11 o'clock all assembled in the chapel, where Principal Currier and Mr. Avery T. Brown, of the Board of Directors, were on hand to welcome them. After prayer, Principal Currier made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion. It gave him great satisfaction to see all back so punctual. After some advice as to the present term, the pupils were classified according to their standing at the June examinations. On Monday morning the regular routine was resumed. School work is fairly launched, and all are settling down to the daily grind, scarcely believing that they had a vacation, so fast time flew. The way they are tackling their studies, proves that all thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and feel ready for another season of work.

Chief Tutor Van Tassel assembled the battalion of cadets in the study room, Friday morning. Vacancies in the three companies were filled up from the awkward squad, (which by the way is fast getting over its awkwardness). Each cadet was numbered, the number to correspond with the number of his gun. There have been no changes among the cadet officers yet. Drill has been resumed, the cadets have lost but little knack in handling their guns and in the manoeuvres.

Physical Director Cook had the basket ball team up in the gymnasium last week, for a practice game, and eventually to see what sort of material he had for a team.

At present, besides Messrs. Keiser, Muench and Belch, the following also brought their wheels with them: Hatowsky, Gaunt and Rappholdt. The girls are Misses Alice Judge, Gertrude and Louise Turner. Probably more will arrive with the expressmen. The boys' yard has been turned into a cycle track, where the scorcher blithely humps his back and goes careening around. No casualties so far.

With the opening of the school term, the various clubs and societies at Fanwood have renewed their activity. The Proteus Boat Club held a meeting on Friday evening, at which Principal Currier as Commodore was in the chair. Heretofore, the election of officers was held in the spring, but after this it will be held in the fall. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Enoch Henry Currier, Commodore *ex-officio*; John H. Keiser, Captain; Fred. Bachman, Lieutenant; Louis Cohen, Secretary; Edward Rappolt, Treasurer; Executive Committee: Eli Ellis, Chairman; E. Mayer, A. C. Reiff. The active members are H. Muench, T. Orman, S. Hannon, H. Heerdt and L. Hatowsky. On Saturday morning the boat was launched at Mr. Wagner's boat house, several trips have been planned to various nearby places, up the Hudson. The members have received their club pins. The design is of silver, enameled flag in center, with word "Proteus," two crossed oars and rope, making it very neat and attractive.

Principal Currier, Counselor *ex-officio*, presided at a meeting of the Protean Society on Monday evening. An election of officers was held which resulted in the following: John H. Keiser, President; Eli Ellis, Vice-President; Louis A. Cohen, Secretary; Emil Mayer, Treasurer. Executive Committee: Edward Rappolt, Chairman; A. C. Reiff and John Elfein. Active members, Messrs. Bachman and Muench. The society looks forward to a year of success. Their interest in their organization increases every year. Just what its plans are at present cannot be ascertained, but at its next meeting it proposes to map out a course to be followed during the year. There will several new members, but so far only one application has been received. At the close of the meeting the new officers each said a few words appropriate to the occasion. The meeting adjourned at 10 o'clock. Next meeting to be held October 6th.

The three JOURNAL composers who have had to hustle to get out the paper during the vacation season, are rather sorry at the change from the quiet to the hurly burly, scurry and rush, of forty wordy printers every day. Their "takes" are consequently smaller, owing to the large number of boys and the limited time allowed them.

Herman Heerdt says he knows something about repairing bicycles.

Any one whose wheel is out of order should give him a trial. No charges if work is unsatisfactory. However, persons should understand he will not be responsible if the wheel is returned a complete wreck.

Principal Currier's subject for Sunday morning service was "loyalty." This one word embraces so much that it is almost impossible to conclude it in one sermon. The subject will be continued next week.

Prof. Fox conducted afternoon service. There is something about his talks that makes all the pupils pay strict attention. After chapel, there are generally some hot discussions on some point he raised.

Battalion parade and review was held on Sunday afternoon at 3.30. As usual, Fort Washington Avenue, near the parade ground, was blocked by spectators.

Prof. Jones has resumed his readings before the Fanwood Literary Association, on Sunday evenings.

Mr. R. D. Hoyt, formerly a teacher at Fanwood, was a visitor, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cotton, of Chicago, who are making a month's tour of the East, were here on Tuesday. Mr. Cotton saw the cornerstone of the Institution Main building laid early in the fifties, but has not been here since. He and his wife marveled at the beauty and system inherent to Fanwood.

Miss Mary Fraser, formerly a nurse in the hospital, was a visitor here last week. A Miss Orr, of Brooklyn, accompanied her.

J. H. K.

DALLAS TEXAS.

The Olympia Deaf-Mute Club, which met at the special called meeting on Sept. 10th, was well attended. A majority of the prominent members were on hand. The roll call was read and adopted. Treasurer Kingon filed his monthly report, which showed that the club was in a flourishing condition. On motion of the secretary, Mr. Hodges, a vote was taken which resulted in unanimous re-election of all old officers. They are Herbert Gunner, president; Joe T. Sprouse, 1st vice-president; J. B. McCurry, 2d vice-president; R. M. Hodges, secretary; and Alfred Kingon, treasurer. The last named gentleman is a brother of Mr. William Kingon, of Chicago. A number of applications were considered and will be reported at the next meeting of the club. The secretary moved that the name of the "Olympia Club" be changed to "Occidental Club," on account of there being another club of the same name in Dallas, which was seconded by Vice-President Sprouse and afterward unanimously adopted. As soon as all business was disposed of, the members went into the next room, where they partook a hearty supper. Some of the members drank to the health of some of the visitors present, who are on their way to school at Austin. As it was nearing midnight, the idea of holding a "Kangaroo Court" had to be given up. Instead of it, the members spent the time talking of some interesting topics, and some hot debating was done by two members. One of them was upholding the War Department while the other was criticizing it. The balance of the members looked on and enjoyed the debate very much, but were unable to express an opinion which of the two had the advantage. The fun lasted till the "wee small hours," when everybody went to their respective homes satisfied and happy.

NOTES.

A number of deaf young ladies passed through Dallas last Tuesday, on their way to school at Austin.

Miss Frances Pettigrew, formerly of Jacksonville, Ill., School, who has been spending the past summer with her parents and young sister, Mabel, in Dallas, left last Monday for Austin to attend school.

Mr. Joe T. Sprouse, on his way to school at Austin, stopped in Dallas for three days, the guest of the writer. Joe is one of the most popular young semi-mutes in Texas and will graduate next June.

The writer was surprised to note in the issue of the JOURNAL of September 15th, that Mr. Louis Lyons is back in Gotham. I had the pleasure of meeting him at the Corsicana Association last July, and was under the impression that Louis had decided to stay in Texas for good. Anyhow, the writer wishes him success.

The Texas State Fair will throw open its gates on the 1st of October, and a good number of mutes from neighboring towns are expected to be on hand.

JERRY.

Depths of the Ocean.

The depth of the Atlantic Ocean between the Canary Islands and the West Indies is something awful to contemplate. A pretty level bottom runs right away from the African Islands to the American ones, gradually deepening to nearly 19,000 feet. At this spot the highest mountain in the Alps might be sunk, and still there would be nearly a half mile of sea water about it.

STATE OF OHIO.

A Farewell Reception to a Baltimore Lady.

EDUCATING THE DEAF AND BLIND.

Items of Interest.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

There was a farewell reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. McGregor, Saturday evening, in honor of Miss Annie B. Barry, of Baltimore, Md., and the two young lady students, of Gallaudet College, residing in this city, Misses Bessie McGregor and Ethel Zell. It was gotten up by a number of young ladies connected with the bindery. The affair proved a very enjoyable one for all concerned, and the time passed only too quickly. The first part of the evening was passed in answering a series of questions, and the answers to some of them proved very laughable. Refreshments came next, and after their serving, the game of "Zoological Garden" was indulged in. This consisted by some drawing an animal on a slate, and the others guessing its name. There were ten of them, and Mr. Elmer Eisey got all but two correct, for which he was given a small prize. Miss Rodman received the second prize, while Miss McGregor got the booby, a little coal black doll. Those who attended were: Misses Barry, McGregor, Zell, Biggam, Cottrell, Bard, Rodman, Hewitt, Munnell, Dresback, Prouty, Mrs. B. Grant Miller, Mrs. Steward, Mr. and Mrs. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Neutzling, and Messrs. Reitman, Frank Jones, Charles, Greener, Eisey, Fred Schwartz, Clum and Zell.

Concerning our two blind deaf pupils the Press Post of Sunday last says:

The first deaf, dumb and blind student to be received at the Columbus Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, under the law passed by the last session of legislature, arrived at the institution the past week in the person of Leslie Oren, who will be five years old on the sixth of October. He is a son of Mr. Arthur Oren, a farmer residing near Wilmington, Clinton County, O., and a grand son of Hon. Jesse Oren, who represented his county in the Ohio legislature a number of years ago. At the age of two and a half years, the little fellow was bereft of speech, hearing and sight by spinal meningitis.

The little boy is under the special supervision of Miss Ada Lyons, who has been at the institution for some time preparing for this branch of teaching. Miss Lyons is constantly with her charge, and as he can only be taught by the sense of feeling, he demands the most careful attention. He is extraordinarily bright for one in his condition, and is very fond of playing with the children about the building, and freely indulges in gymnastic exercises.

Superintendent Jones of the institution stated to a Press Post reporter that it was the intention to teach the child to talk and spell by the manual alphabet. He considers the child intelligent, and is of the opinion that he will learn rapidly.

Another student in the same condition is Miss Maud Safford, of Piqua, aged 21 years. Miss Safford is being taught at the home of Miss Ada Buckles, of the institution in a city. As the law provides that this class of students may be taught at their homes, the homes of teachers or at the institution, she is remaining at her home.

Superintendent Jones is very proud of the wonderful progress being made in this difficult line of work.

Our College boys and girls left this week for Gallaudet to take up their studies for another year. We are proud of them, for they are as fine a set of young boys and girls as any Institution can present, both in intelligence and general carriage. Mr. Albertus Wornstaff came down from Ashley, Monday, and in the evening with Mr. Wilhelm Schneider left for Washington. The latter enters the Freshmen Class. Tuesday evening Misses McGregor and Zell, of this city, Miss Winton, of of Exceles, Miss Barry, of Baltimore who returns to her home, started on the six o'clock B. & O. train for Washington. Quite a number of their friends were at the depot to see them off. They were joined at Newark by Mr. Ohlemacher and sister and by Messrs. Stutzman and Davis, so there was quite a party of them. Wonder if they let loose the "Gallaudet Yell" on the way and astonished the other occupants of the car.

Mr. E. H. McIlvain, a graduate and former boys' attendant here, was shaking hands with old friends of the Institution this week. His home is at Council Grove, in dry, bleeding Kansas, where he runs a barber shop with his brother. He came East with the Grand Army delegates, and had been visiting a week with Dayton, Ohio, friends. He returns to-morrow to the latter place and next week to his Kansas home.

Through letters from Cleveland, we are pleased to chronicle the appointment of Miss Luella Fowler as Art teacher in the South Carolina School for the deaf. She is a graduate of this institution, and later took a full course in the Cleveland, O., Art school, where she did most creditable work. We are sure she will give entire satisfaction in this department of her work. In addition to this work she will also assist in teaching a class in the literary department.

Miss Mary C. Bogle bade good-

bye to her Columbus friends and went down to Yellow Springs, where she will remain until some time in October and then go to her Western home, Tacoma, Washington State.

Mrs. P. P. Pratt is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Banks Dakin, at Harveysburg.

Mrs. R. H. Atwood left Tuesday for Talladega, Alabama, to remain with her daughter, Lois, who is a teacher in the Institution there, for sometime.

Misses Bard and Dresback spent Sunday up in Findlay, visiting friends.

The Ladies Aid Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening. One new member, Mrs. Elmer B. Eisey, was admitted, and the purchase of two rubber door mats for the Home. A special meeting will be held on the 29th.

Mr. Frank Reitman, a last June's graduate, has been given a position in the kitchen of the Institution.

Superintendent Jones has had printed cuts of the new school building, together with the plans of the different floors. They have been mailed together, and are being mailed to persons interested in the school.

A. B. G.

Sept. 24, '98.

SPANISH WOMEN.

WHILE BEAUTIFUL THEIR DRESS IS PERFECT AND WHILE CONVERSING ARE ANIMATED AND LISTEN WITH ATTENTION TO REPLY, AND THEIR LOVE AND HATE IS GREATER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER NATIONALITY.

Queen Isabella began life with no thought of royalty. When her father died and her brother, Henry, came to the throne, she and her mother retired into a quiet life and great care was taken to instruct Isabella in piety and the strictest of religion, which all through her early life she so faithfully adhered to. She was so beautiful and attractive that she had many offers of marriage and when only a child she was betrothed to Carlos, the Prince of Viano. At the age of thirteen, her brother, the king, promised her to the old King of Portugal, but she absolutely refused to marry him. When it became sure that she would inherit the throne from her brother, as he had no heirs, she had many offers of marriage from many men of royalty. Isabella was not on friendly terms with her brother, Henry IV., for he wanted the throne himself, feeling that a woman had no right to reign. When he saw that he could not prevent it, he set about in every way to prevent the young queen's marriage to Ferdinand, whom she so openly expressed a preference for above all others.

He set spies to watch her, that she might not have a chance to see Ferdinand alone, and hired her supposed friends to betray and desert her. Isabella was a woman of keen wit and ability. Her perception of what was right was good and she was determined to see Ferdinand and marry him. They at last succeeded in meeting at a small place named Leon, where they held several hours of consultation. Ferdinand disguised as a merchant. Four days after that, history tells us, they were married in the presence of about 2000 people. They were both poor and had not enough money between them to pay for the wedding and had to borrow the amount. Isabella was eighteen years of age and Ferdinand one year younger. The papers that were made out for their marriage were forged, it is said, for they were cousins, but a few years afterwards the documents were made legal and when Isabella found it out, she was seriously offended that she had not known of it long ago. When her brother, Henry IV., heard of her marriage, he was too ill in bed to go to her, and he recovered; but as long as he lived, he opposed her in everything she undertook to do for the good of her country or her people. She always befriended the women of Spain and took the greatest interest in their behalf. She dared to do many things that in that day were not considered woman's work, or of any interest to women. Upon gaining the throne Isabella saw at a glance that Spain knew little of military science; in fact she understood that there was great need of their knowing more, and at once. Therefore she took every means possible to learn about foreign war science that she might instruct her people. Upon her teaching the soldiers were taught to act in unison and to obey every order from a superior officer, and she found that for years Spain had been behind most other countries in military tactics. She it was who first established tent hospitals upon the battlefield, and she went in person to the bedside of the sick and wounded, giving food and clothing as well as cheering words to the unfortunate soldiers. Will the Spanish woman of to day live to regret that Isabella ever took such a wonderful interest in Spain, that she should have sent Columbus to discover America? Time will tell, and if there is one word of regret from them it will be the first that history can record, for the

Spanish women love the name of Queen Isabella. It is said that a Castilian geographer, who was proud of his countries and a great admirer of women, made a map of Europe representing a woman with Spain for her head, the Pyrenees for her necklace and the Alps for her girdle. One arm extended for Italy and her feet ran off into Russia and Turkey. In Spain to-day the women have not progressed as far as Isabella was when she died, but one sees a marked difference in their hospitality when meeting them in their native home to-day. They smile at you from their carriage, of upon the smooth walks in the parks and gardens, and seem happy if you admire the beautiful gardens, so dear to every Spanish woman. If you have the good fortune to gain an entrance to their home they are not banished from their domain during your stay, but they charm you with the most seductive ways of modern hostesses. You may sit upon the lawns of their gardens and watch the fountains sparkle in the moonlight, while they recline near you, strumming upon their mandolins and talking to you most charmingly. The Spanish women of to-day have the most natural, finished and exquisite grace, a rare sweetness of voice and most winning personality. Their conversation is most animated and they listen most interestedly when you talk to them. Their dress is perfect and their romantic bringing up from childhood has made the Spanish woman's face always young and beautiful. They are born of a romantic country, and while they are to-day demonstrative in their affection to the extreme, they carry what they call honor beyond the bounds of sense. They can hate and love with a greater passion than any other nation, and their friendship is beyond comparison. They are all poets and weavers of romance, each trying to be as great as was Hafisah, who was so famous for her talents, wealth and beauty. Upon the mountain sides of Spain, and in the beautiful valleys, are many towns which to-day as the tourist reaches them he will find life just the same as he would had he visited it during Queen Isabella's reign. The women while their husbands are supposed to be kind to them, are left almost alone to cultivate the fields, guide the plow and grind the corn, as well as to attend to all the household duties at home. The people of these villages and towns to-day pride themselves upon keeping the same traditions, names and styles of dress that their ancestors respected hundreds of years ago. They speak the same language that their great grandfathers did. They believe in ghosts and fairies, and for years they have handed down from one generation to another the most dreadful ghost stories. They seem to delight in telling them to their children, as mothers in America do of repeating over and over again the never ending Mother Goose. They are superstitious and as they sit hour after hour at their spinning wheels and tell of someone's encounter upon the mountain side, with a weird apparition, which is believed and repeated as accurately (?) as American gossip is to-day. When one is in Spain it does not take long before you, too, are loitering about in a lazy, happy sort of a way, like the natives. There is no ambition to exert oneself further than to stroll into some enchanting garden that sends out a heavy yet sweet perfume to coax you in. The fountains gurgle so sweetly, the air is so soft and pleasant, and dreamily you sit and listen to some strolling minstrel singing some Spanish romance that took place ages ago, and of which you possibly do not understand a word. At Madrid the summer heat is unbearable. During the time the sun is in the heavens they keep their houses closed tight, and only occasionally will one pretty Spanish maiden venture out upon the galleries looking into the courtyard below. Her fine white gown flutters a moment blown by the hot wind, and she vanishes within doors. In winter Madrid is treacherous as to weather, growing very suddenly cold. This one does not expect or fancy. In Madrid one finds himself in the center of political intrigue and just now there is little pleasure in looking up the few medieval remains and we regret that there are no great cathedrals that we may slide into to avoid the excited crowd upon the street who are discussing the latest war news. It is a city which is growing fast and they pride themselves upon having good municipal regulations.

It is the center of a network of railroads, which brings them into direct communication with the provinces and with the coast. At a time like this we find ourselves quiet ignorant of Spanish history and our libraries have all too little on the subject that one can read quickly. Every country seems to be making history all the time, and where are the great historians who will record it. It is a subject for much thought that among the Spanish women who are now in America few can be found who are not in sympathy with Cuba. One pretty Spanish girl whom I know takes the greatest interest in what the papers say of the war with Spain, and had no doubt learned more about her own country in the last few months than she would ever have desired to know had not the situation been such as it is. She has the spirit of Isabella and her interest lies for the Cubans.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sunny Life.

In his last days—he lived to be an old man—Oliver Wendell Holmes said that he owed a debt of gratitude to the nurse of his childhood who studiously taught him to ignore unpleasant incidents. If he stubbed his toe or skinned his knee or bumped his nose, his nurse would never permit his mind to dwell upon the temporary pain, but claimed his attention for some pretty object or charming story or happy reminiscence. To her, he said, he was largely indebted for the sunshine of a long life. It is a lesson which is easily mastered in childhood, but seldom to be learned in middle life, and never in old age.—Churchman.

The fibre of the ramie plant, originally an East Indian perennial of the nettle family, but now cultivated in the West Indies and in the southern part of the United States, and used for almost every purpose heretofore served by cotton, is considered to be the coming textile fibre.

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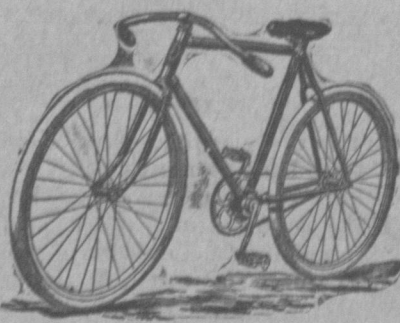
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